

MUSIC FOR VOICE AND GUITAR

Elsie Hepburn, soprano
John Armstrong, guitar

Tuesday, October 15, 1985, 8:00 p.m.

Convocation Hall
University of Alberta

PROGRAM

Awake, Sweet Love
Dear, If You Change

John Dowland
(1562-1626)

Folk Song Arrangements, vol. 6
I Will Give my Love an Apple
Sailor-boy
Master Kilby
The Soldier and the Sailor
Bonny at Morn
The Shooting of his Dear

Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

--PAUSE--

An die Musik II
Antemusic
Viola
An die Musik
Syrinx
Antimusic

John Armstrong
(b. 1952)

Wilt Thou, Unkind, thus Reave Me
Farewell, Unkind, Farewell

John Dowland

--INTERMISSION--

Now Cease, My Wandering Eyes
Weep You No More, Sad Fountains

John Dowland

Songs from the Chinese
The Big Chariot
The Old Lute
The Autumn Wind
The Herd-Boy
Depression
Dance Song

Benjamin Britten

If My Complaints
Come Again, Sweet Love

John Dowland

I ("Antemusic") and V ("Antimusic")

If music be the food of love, play on,
 Give me excess of it: that surfeiting,
 The appetite may sicken, and so die.
 That strain again! It had a dying fall:
 O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
 That breathes upon a bank of violets,
 Stealing and giving odour. Enough, no more!
 'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
 O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou,
 That, notwithstanding thy capacity
 Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
 Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
 But falls into abatement and low price,
 Even in a minute: so full of shapes is fancy,
 That it alone is high fantastical.

William Shakespeare

II ("Viola")

Viola--
 Even the name must be savoured,
 spoken slowly with long vowels and soft consonances.

Sculpted from dark wood,
 shaped with hot irons into warm curves,
 her music beckons with a siren's trill--
 each listener drawn to his own
 entrancement.

III ("An die Musik")

What's the difference between art
 and spectator sport?
 In both, the audience expresses itself
 vicariously.

Hearing a symphony can be as wonderful as writing one--
 depending, of course, on the listener
 and the composer,
 for example--me
 and Mozart.

Why is it that every time I write a piece,
 Mozart--now dead almost 200 years--
 improves more than I do?

IV ("Syrinx")

Whispering softly
 with dreadful nuance,
 the ruby-low notes seduce,
 caressing gently as they fall.

This is the sound of love--
 first coy,
 then sure,
 then glorious.
 Nimble and confident it rises,
 higher and higher,
 to climax in glittering argent.

Silver rings shimmering in the air,
 then fades
 to yet another
 exquisite
 silence.

John Armstrong